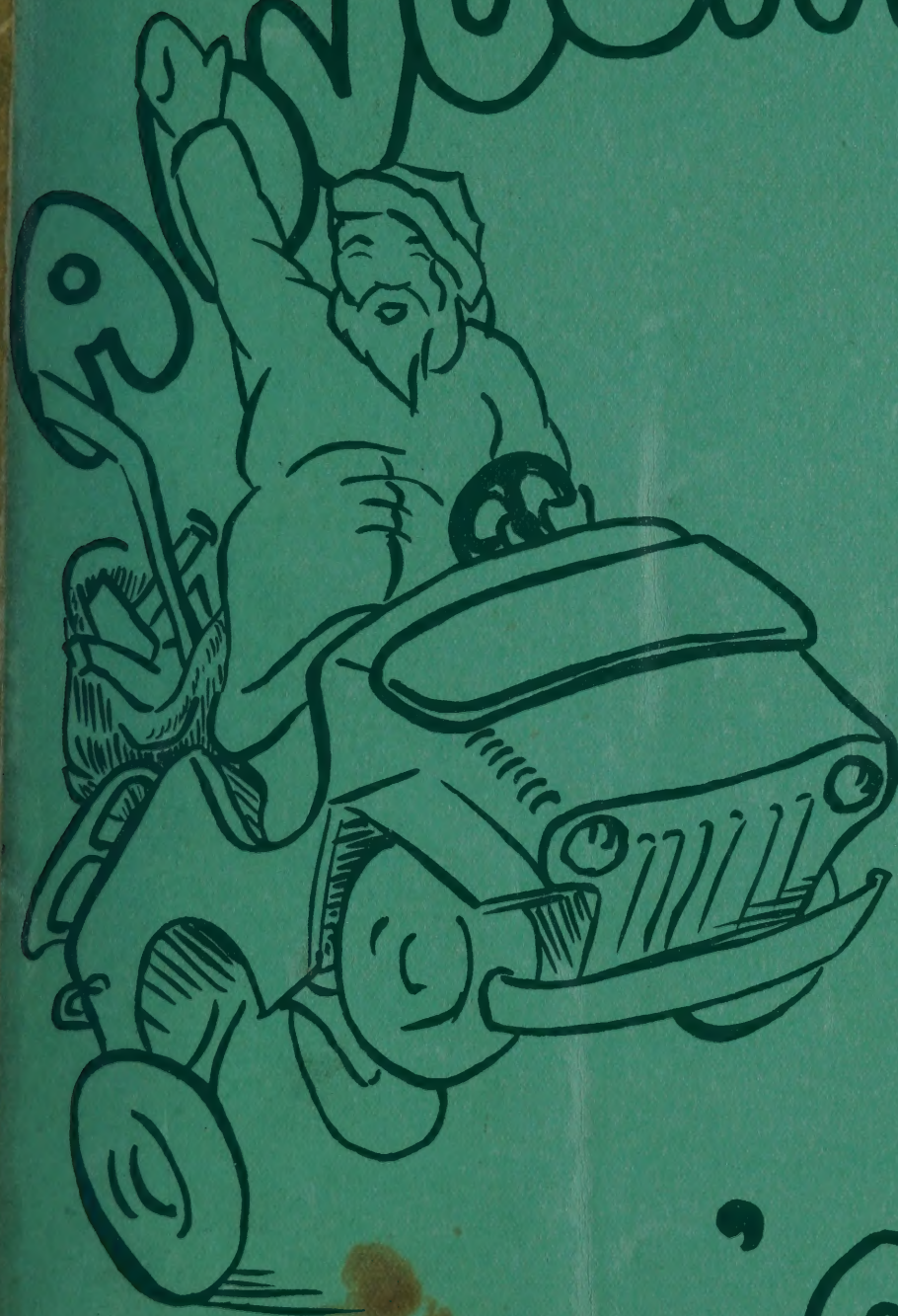


# VOCATE



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# ADVOCATE

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## DEDICATION



O YOU, the Gold-star Mothers of Needham, we respectfully dedicate this issue of the *Advocate*. You have selflessly given your sons to fight for us that we might remain in school. You have given your lives to the raising of these sons, teaching them to be strong, true, God-fearing, and above all, willing to give their lives for the country you have taught them to love. We offer you, the silent heroes of our community, our most sincere admiration and sympathy.

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# EDITORIALS

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## Christmas Spirit


Phyllis Kennedy, '45

With the approach of another Christmas we turn our minds from the hatreds of war to more inspiring thought of peace and good will toward men.

For thousands of years the Christmas spirit has risen in every man, woman, and child, and each in turn has prayed for an everlasting peace. It seems incredible that after all these years of fighting wars and signing treaties, an eternal peace has not come to mankind.

In such despairing times it is natural to become sad and discouraged. It seems impossible to think of Christmas with a feeling of joy and a desire to give to others. However, it is more necessary this year than ever before to show greater Christmas spirit. It is an appropriate time to prove our love of peace by becoming better and more active citizens with new attitudes of kindness and generosity. To be sure we can't take it upon ourselves as individuals to insure peace for the world; but if each Christian does his part toward living up to all that Christmas signifies, he can't help approaching the goal of peace and good will.

The end of the war is in sight. Let's begin now at this Christmas season to take on new responsibilities with the hope of building a more peaceful world.



## Resolutions for the New Year

It is customary at this time to be thinking of the new year which is coming closer day by day. The old year is speeding and the new is arriving. We think of our achievements and our failures in the past year. Then we promise

ourselves that more shall be done in the next year than the last. We attempt to overcome our errors. We, as a student body, have had our fair number of accomplishments; but we have also had a goodly number of failures. Our achievements need not be mentioned, but our mistakes must be brought to our attention in order that we may resolve to do better.

First, our war drives and other patriotic measures have literally come to a standstill. The milk-weed drive, for example, was alarmingly poor. Three bags of milk-weed was our total amount brought in. Three bags for a student body of four hundred individuals is poor representation!! We can and should do better than that, not just for the milkweed drive, but for any other measures that come up. We have the time to do that extra bit for our country.

Secondly, it is very evident that we are too free in our use of gasoline. We have been making many unnecessary trips in the car. The jaunt down to the corner to see the gang is just as easy if we do it with a hop, skip, and a jump instead of a rumble, rattle, and a screech. to use the gas for a needless journey during these trying times of war is to brand oneself as a comrade of the enemy. Put the car away and save the gas. Use them only for emergencies.

For the last point, there has been a decline in the attendance of school. Some few of us are leaving school because of the attraction of high-paying jobs; others are leaving to catch the glamor of uniforms. We don't belong in steady jobs yet, nor in the service. Our job is to stay here and get our education while we can. Every pupil must stay to get his diploma, which will prove later on to be one of his most prized possessions. A diploma now will help get a job tomorrow. A student with a diploma now will be a better citizen tomorrow.



## Our Band

Since the time of its founding a few years ago, the Needham High School band has become one of our most important and colorful school activities. It is composed of thirty-eight musicians who give freely of their talents to add musical entertainment to our school life.

Mr. William Fisher shortly after coming here laid the foundation for our band. He offered to give lessons to all those pupils who desired to learn an instrument, starting in the Junior High and continuing through this school, thus helping to provide replacements for those graduating. Many students took advantage of his invitation and formed our first school band with benefit to themselves as well as the school. Mr. Fisher is a very versatile man, teaching a wide variety of instruments such as horns, drums, trumpets, and trombones. We owe much appreciation to him for his untiring efforts in establishing and carrying on the activity.

It has grown rapidly during these few years, and we find it now taking part in our assemblies, on the football field, in our parades, and even at our town theatre. Our uniforms were planned by Mr. Fisher, and the coats were donated by interested people. An added attraction has been a drum majorette, and this year six more majorettes have been added. We should all take our hats off to the Needham High School Band and its organizer, Mr. Fisher.

has been adequate opportunity for others to make further nominations which perhaps would be advisable. The person who is thus elected either may or may not be the "people's choice". Chances are that if more time and thought were given the matter, the same candidate would be elected anyway; but this is not the point. The fact remains that a considerable faction will oppose the duly elected officer, because they feel that perhaps he hasn't been fairly elected.

Our schools are supposed to teach democracy. This is why the members of the different classes are allowed to assemble and elect their own officers. This action should teach the pupils something of the principles of democratic election, but does it? I suggest that instead it shows how political bosses and machines work. If conditions like this are allowed to prevail, what kind of citizens will the present generation make when they become of age? Will they allow crooked politics to flourish just because they are too tired (or lazy) to take any decisive action? I hope this will never be so.

We pride ourselves on being Americans—living in the country where every man has equal rights. Let's make sure that no hint of political machines ever enters our class elections. Let's choose the people we want, because we believe they are the right people; and, above all, let's have the courage of our convictions to stand up and fight for what we think is right.



## Class Elections

Are we practising democracy in our schools today? As far as the faculties of schools go, we may say yes without a doubt. There are very few teachers today who have "teacher's pets". But, are the pupils themselves as careful to regard the privilege of choosing their class officers?

It appears that recently some schools have gotten into the habit of holding elections dominated by minority groups. I mean by this that a pupil takes the floor, makes a nomination; the nomination is seconded; a motion is made to close the nominations and seconded and passed before there

## The Cheering Section!

*Charles deVarennes, '45*

The lusty cheers of youth rising through the crisp autumn air, the aerial gymnastics of the cheer leaders, the fifty-yard dash down the field to the triumphant touchdown, and the nostalgic strains of "Our Alma Mater" are proving to be too rich a wine for the blood of some of the sweater-under-the-overcoat crowd.

It may be that the excitement of the football game and the desire to re-capture some of yesterday's glory has clouded the loyalty of a critical group of our "supporters." Victors do not need




cheers they know they've won; but when the going is uphill and the score shows on the wrong side of the ledger, a warm supporting arm around a fellow's shoulder may be the very thing needed to turn the next contest into a brilliant victory.

High School Football is High School Football, nothing more. The players are the kids next door and not the brilliant college stars and professionals that shine from the Sunday morning sports section. The "critics" should base their "why don't they do this and why didn't they do that" on this very simple and understandable fact. The boys are playing the game because they love it and ask no reward only the knowledge that they did their best to win.

War has placed the word, morale, high in the present-day vocabulary and to the many boys about ready to exchange their football uniforms for those of the Armed Forces, a small amount of the same on the local football front would be a welcome change.

Excuses for losses are not offered, but, win or lose, fair criticism and sincere loyalty will go a long way toward inspiring your football team to generate the steam necessary to win future victories.



## Brother! You'll Spare More Than a Dime!

Hey, kids, where are all those War Bonds and stamps you were going to buy more of this year? Or maybe you weren't. This is just to remind you that you still have plenty of time left to show more enthusiasm in this war effort. Most of you know that this is the most costly war in the history of the United States. Estimates have set the cost at 350 billion dollars. This is close to 3,000 dollars for every person in the country, and amounts to nearly six times the cost of all other wars in our history put together! That's really something to think about, and let's make a resolution to think about it often—at least every Tuesday. Even if it's only a dime — that dime is worth five cartridges for a .45 caliber pistol, and it just might be worth five Japs!

## The Great Tomorrow

Marcia Goddard, '47

The tall, stately, picturesque flag pole was seen from the study hall window bearing the prettiest colors in the world, red, white, and blue, at half mast. I repeat half mast.

Happy, youthful faces pondered over the day's assignments or laughed at a joke or two. I thought how far distant we all were from the strife and sorrow that lad must have met out there in the endless space of land and sea, alone meeting a strange odd world face to face. It wasn't too long ago when he too occupied a place on the seating plan. He must have remembered all this when he decided it was worth a human life to save it. And what has he saved? A few hundred American boys and girls? Yes, but more than that, a tomorrow—a youth that in time will be a new America far removed from the shame and agony of war. He has left us our rightful heritage, a free world.

And then I thought of all the Yuricks all over the world.



## Education in War Time

Robert Wilson, '45

Whether or not they should start college in July is the question puzzling the minds of thousands of senior boys scheduled to turn eighteen in the summer months of July and August. Is there any sense in going just a few days or weeks? Making no exceptions, every boy who has a chance to start college should do it, even though it may be for only a day.

Let's look at the question logically. First, a boy who has been enrolled in college and has started a semester shows the officers in any branch of the service that he has the brains and ability to make an officer. With the Army and Navy specialized units closed, the only way a boy has a chance to show himself is by his background; and by this background, he may become a candidate for officers training school and be sent back to college. Secondly, a boy who has start-



ed college will be educated at the expense of the government.

Now let us look back at the last war. The young soldiers who entered at just the time the United States was preparing an army of occupation were sent abroad with their comrades to police the conquered countries; but at the same time, those who had the ability were sent to such famous colleges as the University of Berlin and the University of Paris. The youths who enter the service this summer will probably be trained for our army of occupation, and those who have started college will have preference over others as to who should go to the college in those foreign countries. These three points may serve to classify the seniors' perplexing problem in regard to college.



## Turkey Time

Anita Vincent, 45

Sometimes November is called the "bleak month"; undoubtedly because the skies are frequently overcast, most of the flowers have withered, and the summer birds have "gone South for the winter." But looking more carefully at our surroundings, via short excursions to the less thickly populated areas of the town, one finds a host of beautiful and interesting plant life. Have you ever scuffed away the dried up oak leaves, which blanket most of New England's wooded sections, and found beneath a luxuriously thick, velvety carpet of moss? And stooping down, scrutinized it wonderingly?

There is the lovely, lacey, spruce-green moss, which grows almost three inches high; and the coarse, flat variety with little red and gray cups protruding from it at all angles, like tipsy-turvey goblets left by reveling elves. The deep green, soft moss, which grows in the crannies and cracks of rocks is as fine as doe's skin; the flat grayish-green which covers tops of boulders looks like pieces of the November sky which have been blown to earth by the wind. Growing along

the banks and under the water of the woodland brooks are many more families of moss. If one has the courage to dip a hand into the icy stream, he may find a sort of moss which represents a miniature begonia, so tiny and delicately fashioned that at first glance one cannot distinguish the shape of its leaves.

In the fields and meadows grow varieties of grasses which are to me far more beautiful than the closely clipped kinds that form most lawns. Among the wild grasses are some which resemble garden flowers, geometrical shapes, and vegetable plants—except for coloring. There is a little, low grass with "blossoms" that look like tiny asters; a long hair-like grass with star-shaped buds on the ends of its blades; an almost white grass about four feet high, that looks like wheat; and of course the familiar field grass with its feathery seeds that cling to one's stockings when one brushes by them.

Bitter-sweet, perhaps the brightest wild berry, obtains its full glory in early November—as do wild cranberries and barberries.

November has not a less beautiful variety of plant-life, than the preceding months; but what she has is subtler, only enjoyed by those who seek it.

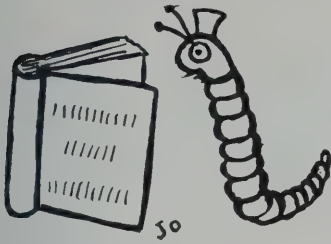


## A Perfect Point

Shirley Dodge, '47

Weaving ahead, the dog made a beautiful picture, as her ears flopped up and down everytime she jumped above the tall grasses. Suddenly stopping, the dog came to a point. Her tail held straight out was a bushy white. With one paw lifted and the other three rigid, she pointed to a brush of grass and ferns with her nose. Both ears stood straight upon her head, the black one more outstanding than the other. Now she moved slightly as her master flushed the bird. Then after the shot, with a wag of her tail she started after the fallen bird. A beautiful dog pointing is a picture long to be remembered.





# LITERARY

## Double Trouble

*Dorcas Neal, '45*

George Randall Townsend, Jr., better known as Jigs, lay on his stomach and absentmindedly drummed the toes of his well-scuffed shoes against the floor. A little while before his four-year-old head had been earnestly bent over the pictures in his well-worn copy of *Winnie-the-Pooh*, but now his chin was resting in his hands, and he was dreaming his "favritest" dream. If he only had a dog, he was wishing—a little dog with a wet tongue and a happy tail named Tigger, just like the bouncy, friendly animal-friend of Pooh Bear's in the story. How many times had he pleaded with his parents, his cheeks flushed in his earnestness, to own a dog. "Please, Mummy? He wouldnt haff to be very big. I'd keep him put away 'n you wouldnt ever see him! He wouldnt make enny bother." But his mother would always smile and kiss the ruddy cheeks, saying, "Now, George, dear; you know you don't want a nasty, dirty old dog. He'd smell and have fleas and maybe even bite! Run along and don't tease." His father didn't usually say anything, but would sit looking thoughtfully at his small son. And once Jigs had overheard his father say to his mother, "Constance, I think it would be good for Jigs to own a dog. He wants one so badly." But Mrs. Townsend had said, "Now, George, don't you start on that too," and the subject had been dropped. But if he only could have a . . .

"George!" His mother's voice broke into his reverie, and as both Georges looked up, she corrected, "Junior, stop kicking the floor. You'll

scratch it and ruin what's left of your shoes. Run outdoors for awhile, dear. And you might be thinking about what you'd like for Christmas. Santa Claus comes soon, you know."

Immediately Jigs was on his feet. He trotted to his mother's side, climbed upon her lap and threw his arms around her neck. "Oh, Mummy! I don't need thinking! Just a dog, Mummy; a baby one so's I can watch him grow! Please, Mummy!"

Mrs. Townsend disentangled herself from her small son's vociferous embrace and threw a despairing glance at her husband. "I should have known better," was her comment. Mr. Townsend rose and taking Jigs by the hand, said, "The wind's pretty good today, Jigs. Let's go fly a kite," and the two of them started off.

Christmas day grew nearer, and Jigs began to get that squirmy feeling inside that he always had when something nice was going to happen. His presents were stacked in a bright pile on his mother's cedar chest, with the exception of the book mark for his father and the kitchen memorandum for his mother that he had laboriously made at nursery school. These were hidden away carefully under his bed. The house was beginning to smell Christmasy too. There were smells of raisins, and pine trees, and gingerbread, and lots of other things that went with Christmas. The tree was trimmed, and every night Jigs was allowed to turn on the electric candles in the windows.

Finally the long awaited day rolled around.

Rushing into his parents' room at five o'clock, Jigs shook his reluctant father into the semblance of action, and Christmas began. There were skates, and toy soldiers, and trains, and two pairs of socks from his Aunt Maude. (That was no surprise. She always gave him two pairs of socks.) His parents always saved the best for last; so when Mrs. Townsend said, "Shut your eyes, George," he knew the moment had arrived. He screwed his eyes up tight and waited breathlessly. When he was told to look, his eyes flew open, but there, instead of a bouncy puppy was a red fire engine you could ride in. Next to a puppy it was the best thing in the world; but George was so disappointed that the tears began pushing their way to the top. Mr. and Mrs. Townsend could not help noticing the downcast face and the silence, but Mrs. Townsend rushed into the breach and began exclaiming, "Isn't it nice, dear? See, it has a bell and everything."

Jigs tried to smile and said listlessly, "Yes. It is very nice. Thank you very much," and because he couldn't stand it any more, rushed from the room, threw on his coat, and ran outdoors. It was cold, but he didn't notice. He just sat on the front steps and let the tears drip off his quivering chin while he sobbed with heartbroken little-boy sobs. All at once he felt something wet on his hand, and looking down, he saw a black curly puppy on very unsteady legs "grinning" up at him. Jigs said, "Here, Tigger!" and the friendly dog jumped into his lap. It was his, his very own and no one must take him away. He would hide him under his bed.

Jigs picked Tigger up, crept in the back door and was about to climb the back stairs when he heard his mother and father coming. He hurriedly thrust the pup into the broom closet and backed up against the door, panting excitedly. But it was not as simple as that. As Jigs' parents entered a low whine issued from the closet.

"What was that, Junior?" asked his mother.

"O, nothing. I was just humming," and Jigs hummed a whiny sort of tune for emphasis.

Low rumbles came from the closet and the sound of scratching claws on wood.

"George! What have you in that closet!" de-



manded Mrs. Townsend in her angry-mother voice.

"I think it was Jigs wiggling around, Constance." This from Jigs' father.

"Come away from that door, George. I want to see what's in there." Jigs reluctantly moved aside and the door was yanked open. From the depths of the closet came Tigger with one end of a dustcloth in his mouth and on the other end—another puppy. Jigs gaped openmouthed at his father who in turn was looking sheepishly at his wife. "I don't know where the other one came from, Constance, but this is Rover. I couldn't bear to spoil Jigs' Christmas."

Maybe it was the solemn way Rover offered her his paw. Or maybe it was the way Tigger cocked his head and look saucily up at her with the dustcloth still hanging foolishly from one side of his mouth. Or perhaps it was the look on the faces of George Townsend and his son. Anyway, Constance Townsend just swallowed twice and said, "I thought one dog would be bad enough, but I never thought I'd see the day when I'd be taking care of two. Now get out of my kitchen, you two, and go fly a kite while I get dinner."



The bright winter moon,  
Like a lone owl eye,  
Watches the earth  
With un-blinking stare.  
Austere and silent—  
Wise to the ways of the world.

Ann Condrin, '46





# Flight

*Richard Brooks, '45*

Lying wearily back on her silk-upholstered boudoir lounge, Blanche Webster turned on her radio for news broadcasts. She had stayed up late that night, and when she finally lay down to rest she found she could not sleep. She had lain awake worrying about her father, a wealthy dealer in oriental furnishings in the United States, and wondering when he would return to take her from that repugnant, filthy, opium-permeated hole back to America. She wondered what America was like; for, for as long as she could remember she had lived in this stuffy Victorian house, which, together with the other English, American, and French homes, was so out of place in that strange oriental city, Hong Kong. These thoughts, and the droning voice of the announcer on the radio were almost lulling her to sleep when suddenly she heard:

"We have just received a special bulletin from Oahu, Hawaii. Pearl Harbor has been bombed by the Japanese. The raid started at . . ." One thought pervaded her mind: war was now not a vague menace; it was grim reality.

The next day that news was known all through the district, as well as much nearer and more menacing news—the city itself was being invaded. Even as she hurried back to her house from visiting a friend, Mrs. Winthrop, a wealthy dowager who lived in the same district, she could hear the distant muttering of guns in the harbor. The streets were crowded with refugees fleeing the impending danger. Although her mind was troubled as she reached her house and sank down on the sofa of the drawing room, she had decided, upon the advice of her friend, to stay, for had not the Japanese agreed to treat American civilians in accordance with international law?

She started as a footstep sounded at the door behind her, then reflected that it was high noon and that Tsing Tao, her Chinese house-servant must be bringing her noon meal. As he approached, she saw that he had no tray of food and that his hands were stained with blood. He

did not hesitate to explain:

"Chinese helping wounded British find care at homes of English and Americans. You come see."

Blanche stared at him aghast, then, as he repeated his last statement, rose and followed him, with a strange, tense feeling settling on her. Tsing Tao had brought a soldier to his own room and had made crude attempts to dress the shrapnel wounds on the soldier's right leg and forearm. Blood stained the otherwise spotless floor. Looking more closely, Blanche saw that he was a young man with clearly cut features and that he wore a lieutenant's bars on his muddy, torn uniform. He tried to speak through parched lips:

"Name's . . . Reginald Hampton . . . Chinese brought me here. . . ."

"My name is Blanche Webster," she began, then stopped as she saw that he had fallen unconscious from the shock of his wounds. Knowing that it would be of no avail to call for a doctor, she told Tsing Tao to bring gauze bandages, antiseptic, and water; and when he returned she dressed the gashes as well as she could, sickened and nauseated by the very sight of them.

Listening to the muttering of the guns become louder and louder, Blanche sat up the rest of the afternoon by the bed. At last the man awoke, and she brought him some water. After he had moistened his parched throat she asked him if there were anything she could do for him. He replied quite distinctly but evidently with great effort. She could see he was still in great pain.

"The city is doomed. . . . There is a mere handful of us trying to hold back thousands of the enemy. You must try to escape while there is yet time. Take this to the British consul at Chungkow, across the river, where you will be safe." He took a small brown envelope out of his pocket and gave it to her. "It's an important message."

"But I was going to stay here," she said, puzzled. "The Japanese have promised that . . ." Her voice trailed off as she realized that what

the Japanese had promised was a lie. They were going to raze the city to the ground! No wonder she had heard the guns so close to the residential districts! "But . . . I can't leave you here. Tsing Tao, prepare the ricksha. We can escape over the Hwang Tze bridge to Chungkow."

She rushed upstairs to collect all the valuables she felt she could take, then helped Tsing Tao carry the lieutenant to the carriage. It was night now, and as Tsing Tao raced over the deserted streets the frosty air blew in through the curtains, carrying with it the ever approaching sound of shell explosions. Now she realized her folly in staying so long and prayed that they might reach their destination safely with the message that her charge seemed to value so highly. She was panic-stricken once when Tsing Tao stopped to inquire of a lone refugee the progress of the enemy and became nearly demented with tense anxiety when he reported that enemy troops were surrounding the district and nearly at the bridge. Now and then enemy bombers let loose their deadly cargoes from overhead, adding to the pandemonium of noise already being made by the shells of approaching guns. Bombs and shells screamed over their heads, flares and a thousand burning buildings lighted the night sky, walls crashed in flames around them, and the ricksha crawled over heaps of rubble in the streets. Through the smoke the smell of the fish-markets by the river reached her delicate nostrils and looking ahead she dimly saw the stone bridge and the shops which lined both sides of it burning merrily. It seemed to her like hours of agonizing waiting before they reached the bridge and felt the searing heat of the burning buildings on both sides of them. Then, Blanche's heart stopped short as Tsing Tao fell, exhausted in the middle of the bridge. A final spurt of courage made her jump down, drag the faithful Chinese to her seat in the ricksha beside the lieutenant, and pull the carriage the rest of the way across the bridge and about two hundred yards along the road to a bend on the brink of a hill. She sank to the ground; then as she turned back to survey the blazing city, heard a terrific explosion and saw the bridge crumble to dust.

## Students in the Study Hall

*George Fern, '45*

From my vantage point at the front of the study hall in dear old N.H.S., I am able to observe all the pupils and their various attitudes. Of course, this would imply that I am not a very studious pupil myself, since I find time to analyze the others in the class. However, that is beside the point.

Here in the study hall can be found practically every type of student. And here the scholarly characteristics of these students are displayed. Sometimes these characteristics are fine and commendable, but more often they are not.

To continue my train of thought, let me point out a few of the pupils in the room. Up in the corner seat we see a bored, sleepy looking fellow. Notice that every few minutes he turns from gazing out the window, to glance at the textbook which is open before him on the desk. We observe that he supplements his boredom with a yawn now and then, and it is not hard for us to conclude that he is disgusted with school in general; and that he can't stand the thought of doing his homework. This type of pupil, in my opinion, may be called "a droop." His manner changes not in the least during the week. Whether it be first period on Monday, or last period on Friday, he still remains sleepy, uninterested, and in short—just plain lazy.

Now let us turn our attention to another student. That boy in the third row will do. See how absorbed he is in his work. It takes few brains to realize that this young man is just the opposite of "the droop." It can be seen at a glance that he is studious, industrious, and well able to concentrate on his studies. The only way in which this pupil is similar to "the droop" is that his attitude likewise does not change during the week. He is diligent and highly interested in his studies from Monday through Friday.

One other student I should like to discuss is the boy who is now sharpening his pencil. For name's sake we'll call him "Sharpy." Having observed him all year long, I think I can safely describe "Sharpy" as inconsistent. He is a sym-



bol of the many students in the school whose study habits are as erratic as the stock market. His attitude depends largely on the teacher who is in charge of the study hall. "Sharpy" knows just which teachers will overlook his loafing, and he also knows the ones who will make him study. Consequently, some of his study periods are spent usefully, while others are used to his advantage as periods of relaxation.

As can be seen, there are some pupils who take advantage of their study periods, and there are those who do not. It is a crying shame that

the benefits of the study hall are not used to full advantage by all the students in the school. They would have less studying to do outside of class, and consequently would find more time to engage in the outside activities which appeal to them.

"Gads!" By a glance at the clock I see it is time for me to do a little studying myself. Before I know it, someone will start to analyze me, and I'll find myself placed in a category with "Sharpy" or that other lame excuse for a student, "the droop."

## The Hardest Work I Have Ever Done

*Sante Breda, '47*

Last summer I worked on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. It was the first hard steady work I had ever done. I had no idea what it meant to work day after day with hardly any time for myself except occasional Sundays and holidays when we weren't compelled to work. During wartime the freights are running across the continent seven days a week and it was our job (The Maintenance of Way) to repair any section of the company's railroad, within a radius of approximately thirty miles. Because of this we had to work almost every Sunday and sometimes on holidays in order to repair a track and allow wartime freights to go through on schedule.

Many of the freights were over a half-mile long. The only weapons of war we saw on the freights were the motor vehicles which were not crated. It was a great thrill to see carload after carload of tanks, jeeps, amphibious ducks and half-trucks passing over the track you had just rushed to repair. If we were working on a main line, at least two troop trains a day passed by. We were warned not to stand too close to them because of the things which often came flying out the windows. Once we saw a pair of heavy shoes with socks inside come flying out a win-

dow; as we watched that same window a pair of pants, shirt and underwear also flew out (apparently someone was throwing them away). A boy standing beside me sprained his thumb catching the shoes but his suffering ceased when someone offered him five dollars for the shoes, which were practically new. The most amusing incident concerning the troop trains was when two soldiers in the kitchen car dumped a barrel of garbage on three of our workers as they passed by. Of course, everyone was roaring with laughter until one of the victims (a bad tempered Greek) attempted to hit someone with his shovel.

The first week was unbearable. It was rather hard for me to get accustomed to getting up at six in the morning, working for ten hours, coming home, taking a bath and getting to bed early enough to be ready for the next day. Some days I came home too tired to take a bath, but I was so dirty and felt so uncomfortable that I was compelled to. This was the thing I dreaded, taking a bath every single night. It took so much time and was such a bother when one felt tired. Some days I would come home, flop my weary body on my bed and unconsciously doze off. I'd awake and find that I had slept for two or three hours and a red crust on the horizon was all that was

left of the late evening sunlight. This made me furious, for I had only intended to sleep a half-hour or so and now all the things I had planned on doing that evening were ruined. By the time I had taken my bath, it was too late to go out and too early to go to bed. When this happened I usually read a few articles in a Reader's Digest (every so often I reread old articles in the Reader's Digest) or listened to a radio program; then I retired.

My hands were not very tough and for the first week they were a mass of blisters and cuts. When it came time for my bath it took all my will power to scrub the sore bloody cuts filled with dirt (oh! was it painful!). After two weeks I developed a smooth layer of callouses an eighth of an inch thick. On rainy days we would not work, but take shelter and receive our regular wages in the meantime. I hate rain, but after having three days in succession on the railroad I didn't mind it a bit. For during these three days we stayed in a tool shed without doing an ounce of work. Some of us would doze off every now and then, others were reading magazines and still others were arguing or discussing various subjects. After this whenever I saw rain clouds lurking overhead a feeling of consolation came over me.

My wages were the same as the men's. I earned forty and fifty dollars a week, depending on whether we worked Sundays or not. I had never earned more than twenty dollars in one week and now that I was getting over double this amount I hardly knew what to do with it. When I received my first check I was tempted to show it to every one I saw, but knowing it was a very unwise thing to do I refrained from doing so. Each week I would save thirty-five or forty dollars and spend five or ten on myself. I don't think having all this spending money gave me a conceited air but whenever I got the chance I used to flash (if I may use the expression) a ten or twenty dollar bill in front of one of my friends. Somehow this gave me a feeling of satisfaction. This habit never seemed to wear off. Even toward the end of the summer I enjoyed doing so. After being accustomed to hav-

ing all the money I felt like spending, it was rather depressing to come back to school and receive a dollar a week for lunch money. Coming back to school did have its advantages. No more working ten hard hours every day, waking up at six in the morning or coming home with sore feet. Now without spending money I went back to my old habit of borrowing dimes and quarters until I lost track of the debts I owed. It seemed unfair that during the summer I had all the money I wanted and no time to spend it. During school time I had no money but all the time to spend it.

After getting accustomed to the hard work I gained considerable weight and was feeling in the pink of condition, but don't misinterpret me, I would never want to go back to the railroad. It was all right while the novelty lasted but it soon wore off. I felt sorry for the men who must do this type of work for the rest of their lives. They were of all nationalities, Greek, Russian, Italian, Irish, and Armenian. The thing which I couldn't understand was the way most of the laborers felt toward their work, especially the ones who were very uneducated. They took it for granted that it was impossible for them to advance themselves any further. Most of them had worked with their hands all their lives and when one was offered a foreman's job he refused. They grumble and swear how hard they must work to earn a living, but when they are offered a change they refuse to take it. I don't know whether they are afraid to take responsibility or whether they don't know they are advancing themselves. When I asked one who refused a foreman's job, he didn't state any argument whatsoever; he just said he'd rather work.

Working on the railroad has taught me something else besides what hard work really is. I won't go so far as to say that I do more homework, but I am a little bit more conscientious about my education in general. I'm looking toward the future, planning my education as wisely as possible and making certain never to end up like some of the men I worked with last summer.



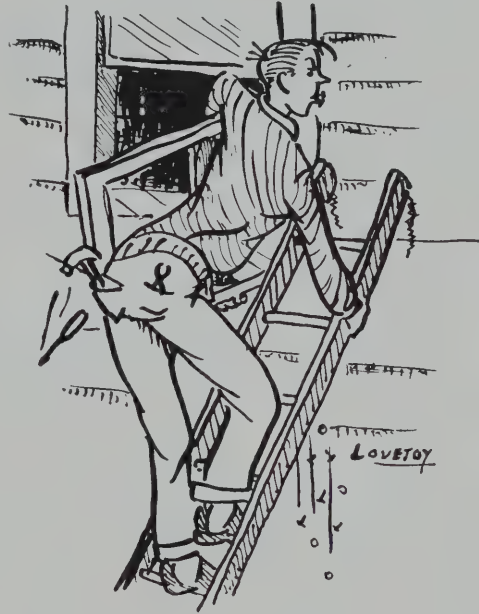
## On Putting Up Storm Windows

Jane O'Connor, '45

The first thing needed for putting up storm windows is a clear day, for if it rains, as it so often does, the windows streak, thus making it impossible to look through them. The next thing needed is exceedingly good patience, for if you wish to master the art of putting up storm windows, you must be able to stand the monotony of washing, wiping, and putting up all of the windows. Next you must be dressed in the oldest of clothes, and just about ready for any thing. Then being a good plumber so to speak, you gather together all your tools, consisting of a ladder, a pail of water, some cloths both wet and dry, a cake of bon-ami or substitute if preferred, and, last but not least, a screwdriver and some screws.

Then you proceed to take the windows from the cellar, and as you fight to get up the stairs you wonder why in thunder they weren't put in the garage. You get them up and leaning them against the house you start to wash them, but after the third or fourth window your arm muscles begin to give, and you wonder what streak of physical ambition hit you. However, being of a strong mind and a stronger body, you finish your job.

After finishing the washing, you proceed to put the windows up, but first the ladder must be placed against the house. To do this you must plow through a mass of undergrowth and weeds called by some people lovely shrubs. With a final shove you land the ladder against the house just barely missing the window. However you didn't hit it, thus you continue on your merry way. You look over the situation and wonder how you are going to get the storm windows on to their setting. With great strategy you plan your attack and grasping the windows you edge yourself up inch by inch. After a great struggle, between dropping screws and thinking censored thoughts, you manage to get



the windows up. Of course your arms, legs, and face are scratched but that is a minor detail, for the windows are up.

After cleaning up the debris, you saunter back with a smile on your face to admire your work. But something is amiss, and definitely. You try to shake away the thought but it keeps growing and it haunts you. Finally with a madness in your heart beyond comparison, you gladly bang your head against the wall as that same thought keeps saying over and over, "You forgot to wash the windows on the house. You forgot to wash the windows on the house!"

## Escape

*John Powers, '45*

The footprints lead to the left and pause. It is noon. Overhead the sun blazes down, a ball of molten lava, and reflects from the white desert sand in a blinding glare. All about you lie the Sahara Desert, a boiling cauldron of white heat. Ahead, your eyes perceive dune after dune of the white hot sand, sometimes covered sparsely with small, grey bushes or desert grass, but more often bare and desolate. Mile after mile it stretches—mile after mile of faded blue sky, of blazing sand, and above all of blistering heat, so intense that it scalds your lungs with each breath. Here and there grotesquely shaped stones raise their bleak, gray fingers skyward.

You follow the footprints to the left and eye the ground eagerly. A faint gleam catches your eye. You kneel down quickly and brush the burning sand to one side, revealing a black leather dispatch case, now covered with sand and dust. You found the empty, discarded canteen last night. He can't go on much longer. You rise slowly to your feet and once again follow the shuffling trail of footprints across the blazing desert.

The sun moves slowly across the burning sky. The seething sea of heat with its motionless waves of sand seems to engulf you. The footprints still lead on, but in one or two places they falter uncertainly. It is impossible to make out anything ahead of you, except the endless procession of dunes, and the grey skeletons of desert shrubs, which lift their fleshless fingers imploringly towards the sun. You curse yourself for starting, but orders are orders. He must be found and returned. Under a grey shrub lies a cigarette case. You are gaining.

An hour passes, and persistent sun still blazes down furiously. The heated air quivers and shimmers under its rays, and the whole desolate waste takes on an air of mystery and death. A small, horned lizard darts across the heat-blasted sand at your feet and seeks refuge under a nearby

rock. Overhead a solitary black vulture wheels noiselessly along, in search of carrion. You unsling your canteen and take a swallow of the precious liquid. The metal burns your hands.

The footprints now form an erratic trail, running to the left for about ten yards, staggering for a yard or so, and then straightening again. Here lie a dusty belt and holster where their owner threw them in a desperate effort to ease his struggle with nature. The holster is empty. He still has his Luger. He is weak and not far away, but he is also desperate and armed. You drop your hand reassuringly to your own revolver. The hot metal burns into your palm. You go on.

The erratic prints are more frequent now. They go on, weaving, staggering, crossing and recrossing as their maker staggered helplessly across the hellish desert, guided only by his driving thirst. Here is a blur where he fell. A dust-covered boot lies half-buried in the sand.

The footprints now change their direction every ten yards or so, and run without reason from dune to dune, sometimes in a fast, running, desperate manner, sometimes in a dull, helpless shuffle. Here is a mark where he fell again. For a while the trail changes to knee and hand prints, which tell the tracker that his quarry had crawled for a distance. Now he was trying to get to his feet. The staggering footprints, one boot and one foot, careen diagonally across the tortuous sands for three yards, and then the fugitive falls again.

Once again he is crawling, this man you are pursuing, this escaped Prussian major who had once directed the steel-helmeted troops, and the iron monsters of war against peace-loving peoples. Where is his authority now? Where is his immaculate uniform and arrogant manner now? Perhaps it is poetic justice that now he is crawling instead of strutting, that he obeys the dictates of God, and does not command.



Here and there you can see where, with bleeding hands, he had dug feverishly for water, for a mouthful, a swallow, a drop—just one solitary drop to alleviate his suffering, but there was no drop.

Ahead looms a large sand dune, quivering in the hellish heat. A shot rings out. With drawn revolver you rush up the burning side of the dune, still following the tracks, till you reach the crest of this blazing wave of sand.

From the inferno of heat-blasted sand and rock before you, a half-dozen grimy black vultures flap skyward, screaming irritably at being disturbed from their hideous occupation. At the foot of the dune, on the blazing sand of the African

desert, lies a still, grey form. One hand clutches a revolver. There is no need to go farther. There will be no more footprints. The trail is ended. The Prussian major has escaped forever.



## Yankee Ingenuity

Robert Wilson, '45

"Come and get it! Come and get it!" shouted P. F. C. Tony Simonetti, the outpost's baker and cook.

"Here we go again," he overheard two American pilots muttering. "It's bad enough to be stuck way out here in Burma, hundreds of miles from any civilization except natives; but we never have any real, good, typical, American food either for a meal or for a snack during the day. That makes it even worse! I got so homesick and depressed around meal times that I could stop eating for good."

"I understand how you feel, Jim; but what can we do about it?"

This conversation struck a responsive chord in Tony Simonetti's mind. "What can I do about it? After all, I am the camp's baker!" Tony, as you probably realize, was an Italian-American. His life in an orphanage had been far from a bed of roses; but after many years of hard work in a bakery, he was paying his way through col-

lege when the war broke out. Now here he was in Burma, the same happy, smiling, unselfish, hard-working doughboy. Because of his disposition he was known as "Sunny" Simonetti all through the outpost. Until now he had been able to cheer his associates by cracking jokes and kidding with them; but now he knew he must do something big! But what?

All through the meal, he studied the weary expressions on the faces of his comrades. Just before the meal ended, an idea came from nowhere and landed in his mind. "Why not set up a 'bamboo bakery' where I could cook, or have cooked, real American doughnuts? My establishment could serve as the production center of doughnuts for all the lonely outposts in Burma. When can I get time to do it? Who will help me? How can I send the hot doughnuts to other outposts?" he thought. Tony's face had a smile a mile wide as he sat back in his chair to listen to the C.O. give a short address to the men.

"Men," the C.O. started, "I have news, not

for everyone, but for P.F.C. Simonetti. Tony, your leave has come through and you can leave for the States in three days." Tony's smile broadened even wider, not because he was happy for himself; but he knew he could stay in camp, start his project, and make all the Americans in Burma happy. Of course, he did feel a lump in his throat when he told the C.O. his plans.

"After all, Lieutenant," he stammered, "I have neither mother nor dad to go home to in the States; in fact, I haven't even got a girl back home. I think I'd be doing something much more helpful if I stayed right here and started my little bakery. I should have it completed by the time my leave is up."

"If that's the way you want it, Tony, that's the way it will be," replied the Lieutenant extending his hand. "I'm behind you 100 per cent, and call on me if you need any help. Another thing, I promise not to tell the men your plans. Let's leave it as a sort of surprise."

Three days later Tony was up at reveille, and the rest of his day was spent finding natives to help him get the wood and start building. He was going to pay them with the money he had saved for his leave. It only amounted to two-hundred and fifty dollars, but native help was very cheap. Before the day was over, he had ten natives cutting down iron wood and bamboo, while he was working on plans for his little masterpiece. Five days later they were ready to start building; and in twenty more days, the shop was practically completed. All he needed was the stoves, which were going to be donated by the Chinese-American Red Cross in China.

All this time his companions told him he was foolish to stay in Burma when he could be home sleeping in a soft bed and enjoying the luxuries of the States. He just looked at them and smiled, saying, "You'll see how foolish I am within twenty days."

During those last twenty days, Tony taught six native women to cook doughnuts Yankee style, installed the stoves in his bakery, and contacted eight different pilots whose job it would be to

get the doughnuts to the other outposts in Burma while they were still hot. The day before his leave was up, his masterpiece was completed. It was ready to start its duty the next day.

"Come and get it! Come and get it!" shouted Tony the next day.

"What's he talking about?" complained the same two pilots. "It's only ten o'clock. We ate only three hours ago!"

"I don't know, Jim, maybe he's got a surprise for us. I sure hope so! What's this! Coffee and doughnuts! I haven't had this since I left the States! What do you think about it, Jim!"

"I've never appreciated any thing more. It's just like being home in Indiana."

A week later at coffee and doughnut hour, the Lieutenant entered. "Men," again started the C.O., "I have news, not for everybody, but for P.F.C. Simonetti if he will please step forward. Tony, it gives me great pleasure to present you with a citation from the President of the United States. It reads as follows: 'To P.F.C. Simonetti, cook of outpost #4. I feel that your bakery has boosted the morale of the men in Burma 100 per cent. Your confections serve as a pleasant and tasty reminder of home, even though the boys aren't eating them in their mother's kitchen. It was a great service, private.' Another thing," said the Lieutenant, "the canteen is coming up to take over your bakery!"

Tony modestly put his head down and walked back to his chair midst the shouts and applause of his comrades.



The wind in the trees sounds like Charles Boyer whispering to Hedy LaMarr.

\* \* \*

Her anger broke like a radiator blowing off its cap.

\* \* \*

The jeep was like a fresh broken stallion.



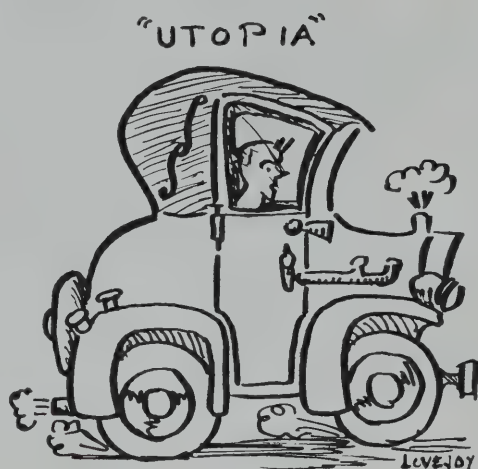
# On Owning a Car

William Corbo, '46

Have you ever stopped to think of the difficulties there are in owning a car? Well! I didn't! All this summer the thought that was uppermost in my mind was that this fall I would own a car, my very own car. Things such as broken transmissions, plugged gas pump, and gasoline rationing never entered my dreamy thoughts of the future. But the first problem presented to me was how to get my parents' consent. Now those of you who have parents that think you never grow up will realize the position I was in. I decided upon a direct course of attack. I would show my mother and father that all my friends, well practically all my friends, had cars of their own. Finally, slowly ever so slowly, they weakened and then consented. Now that I look back over my struggles, I believe that it was more persistence than salesmanship that won them over. The very next thing that I did was to answer an ad in the paper that had attracted my eye.

When I was led into the garage, my "utopia" turned out to be a '35 Ford cabriolet. After bickering over the price, it was finally settled at eighty-five dollars, which I now regret.

A few days later the car was duly registered but not in working condition. Thinking that I was mechanically inclined, I set about to repair the hopeless wreck. To my amazement I discovered that the car had two gas tanks and almost two of everything else except running boards of which there were none. I might also mention that it had a truck pump, which made it more complicated. After examining and re-examining my car, I decided to do what I should have done in the beginning, take it to a competent mechanic, who, upon seeing the car, pronounced it a complete wreck. With this disclosure I was very downcast and bitterly regretted spending my hard earned money for that." Seeing my predicament, the kind-hearted mechanic informed me that if I left the car with him a few days, he might be able to get it in running condition.



The next few days found me thinking of nothing but my "utopia." My school work lagged, along with all my other activities. The strain was beginning to tell on me, when one night I was informed that my car was in running condition and that I could call for it the next day.

When my foot touched the starter, it was one of the most exciting experiences in my life on this earth. The motor kicked, sputtered, and roared into life with a new vigor that it never knew before. Meanwhile the mechanic sauntered over to me smiling and said, "How's she going, Mac?" Then he handed me a bill for nineteen dollars and twenty cents. Zowie!! Another one of my dream boats smashed against the rocks of reality. As I chugged merrily home in my Ford V8, I was one of the most disappointed characters that ever breathed carbon-monoxide. The carbon-monoxide was coming up through the floor boards. When I reached home, I sat on the curbing, for there were no running boards, and looked at my dream, which I had sweated, strived, and strained for all summer long, and finally came to the not-too-fond conclusion that this refugee from the Smithsonian Institute was nothing but a junk heap.

At last I corralled enough courage to take a spin to West Roxbury. It started off with a roar, but as soon as I reached the street where I bought the car, it huffed and puffed and stopped. After I had fooled around with the motor about half an hour it finally succumbed to my pleadings and started up again. When I at last reached my intended goal, I shut off the motor and went to the drug store for a "coke." In the meantime the temperature of my car settled at normal and was ready for the long push home. After several attempts to start the thing, I stopped the next car that came by and asked for a push. The gentleman obliged me and off we went. I tried everything possible to start the car. I put in into first, second, and third speeds but still no response. My power finally

became disgusted and sped ahead, leaving me stranded in the middle of no-where. Flagging the next car that came by, I repeated the process again until the driver became disgusted and left me. I repeated this time and time again until a member of the Massachusetts State Guard, seeing my predicament, consented to push me all the way home in neutral. When I reached home, I thanked him (I had no money on me) for his trouble and went to bed with a lot of worry on my mind.

Well, time has elapsed since that fatal night and my "utopia" is in perfect condition. But I want to leave one last thought in the minds of you who are on the verge of buying a car: always put faith in your elders; they know better.



## Football Night at the Paramount

*Dorcas Neal, '45*

"Come now, Band. Attention please!  
For noise you're worse than a swarm of bees!  
Tune your trumpets; drums, keep still!  
If you can't make them, Page, I will!"  
"Mr. Fisher, I've lost my part."  
"Hey there, Bill! How soon do we start?"  
"Quiet, everyone!" "For cryin' out loud!  
Peek through these curtains! Just look at that crowd!"  
"Do well tonight, Band; we'll take a bow.  
Lots of noise on the cymbals, now.  
Cate and Brion! Stop that noise!  
No more jazz here; stop it, boys!  
Where's Phil Kennedy? Not here yet!  
It's almost time now. Let's get set.  
Make the oom-pahs loud and clear;  
Beat the drums on the victory cheer."  
"Here comes Phil!" "O. K. Let's go!"  
"Start quite loudly —" "But not too slow!"  
"One, two, three; I think tonight  
The Needham Band will do all right!"



## A City and a Town

*Dale Barraclough, '46*

A town with crooked streets we call quaint,  
But not a city.  
How can a city be quaint  
When crooked streets are teeming  
And noisy with living?  
Rather should a town be quaint  
Than a dirty city,  
A town sleepy and slow  
With its crooked streets and old-fashioned houses  
All within smell of the sea.



## The Beast

*Herbert Nehrling, '46*

The sea is a wild, giant, captive beast,  
Spending most of his time pacing  
Back and forth, back and forth,  
In his restless desire to obtain freedom.  
During fits of anger he roars and claws,  
Making furious efforts to free himself,  
Devouring everything in his way  
To satisfy his hunger.  
Always  
He slinks back to his cage in defeat,  
Already planning bitter revenge.



# No Sundaes on Monday

Alvan Bullard, '45

A gloomy, sad looking man in khaki plodded into the office of the ADBBCB or the Advertising Department of the Boxie Bottling Company of Boston.

"What can I do for you, Soldier?" briskly asked the manager seated behind a large desk.

"I've just been let out, Mr. Quackenbush, and I—I want my old job back," languidly replied the discharged soldier.

"Well, well, well, when did you ever work for —? Oh, Wingfoot Willie, ha ha ha, I remember now. You made that famous recording for us. You were running last in a race, you stopped, drank a bottle of Boxie, and won the race. Ha ha ha. And didn't you use to ride on the Boxie horse on the street?"

"Yeh, I know, but I want my old job back," repeated Wingfoot Willie.

"Oh, too bad, I'm so sorry, Wingfoot; but we sold the horse, and that record of yours will be good for another ten years. No, you can't have your old job back."

Spying a bottle of Boxie on the manager's desk, Wingfoot Willie became suddenly inspired. He jumped forward, grabbed the Boxie, and said boldly, "I demand my job back, or else I'll take this bottle of Boxie!"

Later we find Wingfoot Willie dejectedly walking the streets with his last nickel in one hand and a bottle of Boxie in the other. He was brooding about not getting his old job when a delightful ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling reached his ears. Looking up he saw the Good Humor Man. Instantly he decided to spend his last nickel on ice cream to eat with his Boxie. Hailing the Good Humor Man he asked for a sundae.

"No sundaes on Monday, don't you know there's a war on?" sneered the Good Humor Man.

"Oh, so I don't know there's a war on. I've lugged three hundred cases of beans ashore at Salerno. I've lain for days in a fox hole watching enemy bullets whiz by my head. I've peeled 989,654 potatoes," shouted Wingfoot Willie between guzzles of Boxie. Drawing back the bottle

of Boxie, Wingfoot Willie let go a vicious blow which landed on the Good Humor Man's head. The Good Humor Man was definitely out. Wingfoot Willie seeing this, left the bottle and started to run down the street.

Soon he became tired and thought to himself, "I'd better buy some more Boxie before I fall asleep." He entered, panting, into Conner's Corner Drug Store; placed his last nickel on the counter; and said, "Boxie."

"To take out or eat here?" asked the soda jerk, as he handed the Boxie to Wingfoot Willie.

"To take out."

"That will be seven cents, or five cents and an empty bottle."

"What, oh, uh' uh' just a minute." Wingfoot Willie meekly said as he quickly walked out of the drug store back to the Good Humor Man where he had left the empty bottle.

In the meantime a large crowd had gathered around the Good Humor Man. A boy scout, a Red Cross worker, an air raid warden, a girl scout, and a soldier had tried to revive the Good Humor Man with their knowledge of first aid. However, he was still out. Then into the crowd a man who was chewing gum entered and asked what the trouble was. When informed, he looked at the Good Humor Man, swallowed his chewing gum, and said joyfully, "That's Henrick Gootenburg, a German spy. We of the F.B.I. have been hunting for this guy for months." As he said this, Wingfoot Willie picked up the empty bottle lying beside the Good Humor Man.

"Just a minute, shouted the man from the F.B.I., "where do you think you're going with that bottle?"

"It's mine," meekly replied Wingfoot Willie.

The F.B.I. investigator seeing a large bump on the spy's head decided that the spy had probably been struck by the bottle. He pointed at Wingfoot Willie and said accusingly, "Oh, so you're the one who knocked out this spy."

"No, I mean yes, yes," stammered Wingfoot Willie. Having overheard the conversation a re-

porter stepped in and asked Wingfoot Willie, "Did you recognize this Good Humor Man as a German spy?"

"Well, er, you see—"

"Oh, just being modest," laughed the reporter. "Tell me how you ever got the courage to strike such a dangerous spy?"

"Well, I, I—"

"Oh my, you certainly are a modest hero."

The next day, a picture of Wingfoot Willie striking the German spy with the Boxie bottle and a dramatic account of Wingfoot Willie's heroic achievement appeared on the front page of the *Daily Moon*.

Because of the publicity Wingfoot Willie received, Mr. Quackenbush decided that Wingfoot Willie would now be an asset to the company. He then invited Wingfoot Willie to his office.

"How would you like to ride on a new white horse and make a few recordings for us at forty dollars plus forty bottles of Boxie a week?" enthusiastically asked Mr. Quackenbush.

"Yeh, O.K."

With a broad smile on his face Wingfoot Willie strutted out of the office of the Advertising Department of the Boxie Bottling Company of Boston.

## Revenge

Anita Vincent, '45

The night is clear and cold, as the men crouch in the trenches. The smell of newly cleaned and oiled rifles mingles with the sweet scent of hay from the surrounding fields. This is *the* night, and in a few short minutes the captain will signal the men to attack. Private Paul Burger glances down the line as the glint of moonlight on a bayonet draws his attention. Instantly he is reminded of that fateful night, four years ago, when Hitler's Storm Troopers invaded Vienna. There was a full moon that night, too. How well Paul remembers the glinting and flashing of it on the thousand bayonets and helmets of those robot-like troops—how well he remembers!

Paul, then a salesman for "Fox Films," was spending a few days with his parents and brother, Otto, at the latter's beautiful estate near Vienna. Otto was the business man of the family, owning the largest and most profitable lithographing concern in Austria. It was the week of the German occupation, and the rumors that were being spread were not comforting. The Burgers, however, like many other Viennese, believed that Vienna would remain an open city even if Austria were invaded. Unfortunately, they kept this belief until that terrifying night when without warning the Huns poured into the city, set up garrisons, and started their reign of terror.

The third day of German occupation brought a high ranking gestapo agent to the executive

office of Burger Lithographing Company. Otto had been sitting before his desk, reading the stock news, when his office door burst open, and a group of storm troopers abruptly announced the confiscation of the Burger Company building for the German general headquarters in Vienna. Too stunned to speak, Otto stared unbelievably.

"Rise, Jewish swine!" barked the leader, "Herr — enters!" And, with a sudden lunge he shoved Otto from his chair onto the floor.

"Heil, Hitler!" commanded a thin nasal voice, as a small, rotund, pug-nosed Prussian stalked pompously in.

Otto had by now regained his poise. Looking down at the little fat man, he asked, "What is the meaning of this outrage? Who are you to break into my private —"

"Enough, Jew!" screamed the Hun, growing red with anger, "I am in charge here! Herr Fueher has given me this building; you shall go at once—evacuate your home—you and your family shall be out of Austria within a day or be shot! I have spoken; go!"

"But, this is my property; you have no right to take it. I am a wealthy and influential man—I won't stand for it!" Scarcely had Otto spoken those words, when an iron fist struck him squarely in the mouth, knocking him senseless.

When he regained consciousness, he found



himself in the outer office. Knowing he had no choice in the matter, he started home. As he drove up the front drive, he noticed how strangely askew the grounds looked. The beautiful shrubbery, which enclosed the gardens, was trampled; and in the soft, terraced lawn heavy tires had made ugly gashes. The front door stood open, but not a sound could be heard anywhere. Otto ran up the steps to the hall—stopped—gazing straight ahead. There in the center of the hall lay his mother, dead, her arms slashed and her skull crushed in. Blood was everywhere. On the stairs leading to the library lay his father, crumpled and bleeding, but still alive. Otto rushed to his father, who related the horrible incident of a few hours before.

"Your mother and I," gasped the dying man, 'were coming down from the library, when a short, fat man with the face of a Pekingese stormed in the front door, followed by a group of soldiers. 'Are you the Burgers?' he yelled at us. 'Yes,' your Mother replied, and get out of our house, you German dogs!' You see what they did to her, son for saying that. I guess they thought they had killed me, too. I heard them remark that this would be suitable for the officers' quarters.

"Go, Otto; they may return soon. Paul is in town. Find him; both of you leave Austria at once. Go to America; your brother Frederick will help you when you get there."

Otto found Paul and told him what had happened. Somehow they booked passage to Lisbon and by the next night were safely away from Vienna. Upon arriving in Lisbon, they wired Frederick and boarded a steamer for America.

After Otto and Paul had recovered from their harrowing experiences, Frederick assisted Otto in establishing a small business. Paul joined the United States Army.

The Burgers will never forget what Hitler's men did to their parents and home, and they will never forgive until the Germans are utterly crushed.

Suddenly Paul becomes aware of a low, harsh whisper. "This is it, men," the captain rasps. "Go to it!"

## Wet Weather

*Dorcas Neal, '45*

Through the wet and dampness of a rainy day  
A small girl trudges unmindful,  
Her face shining, her eyes sparkling  
Like the glittering drops  
Humming past her,  
Happily.

In the smoky mists of a city rainstorm,  
Heads down, acknowledging defeat to the conqueror,  
Men—robots, machine-minded automatons—  
Clutch their coat collars more tightly  
And curse the weather,  
Inevitable.

Outside, the gray rain patters against the panes—  
Long gray witch-fingers, tapping—  
Inside a farmer sits smoking in his leather chair,  
Luxuriating in his brief respite.  
Tomorrow the lower field must be cut, the chicken-house painted;  
But now—just rest, for the rain keeps falling  
Gently.

Somewhere at sea the wind howls and beats the rain  
Into the waves with foaming fury.  
Small boats struggle vainly against the surging water and the storm—  
Master of the ocean, oblivious of  
The small girl's eyes, the city men's curses, the farmer's peace,  
As he lashes the waves  
Furiously.



She danced over the floor like a sailboat in a rough sea.

\* \* \*

I watched him until he faded into the distance like a star into the coming dawn.

# My Uncle

Robert Goldsberry, '45

When one thinks of a biography, he usually pictures a factual account of a human's life from the day that human was born to the day of that human's death. But the day of birth does not, in a sense, actually launch a human being on the road of life. The human's life begins when he starts to strut around with his chest out and head held high, saying to himself, "I'm somebody. I'm important. I can now look down at someone." And that was my uncle at the ripe old age of fifteen and I was the "someone" on whom he looked down—but definitely.

At fifteen my uncle was six foot three and tipped the scales at one hundred and ninety-five pounds. Me, I was only a lad of nine in the fourth grade—a mere child in my uncle's eyes. Up to this moment we had played cops and robbers together, balked at having to wash before meals, and even worse, having to comb our hair. Now, however, my uncle was spending half his time in the bathroom washing up, slicking his hair down with all sorts of oils, and shaving—once every week or two. He was forever out of the world of cops and robbers.

Starting school was an even more trying time for the family. His long used nickname of "Buddy" was now too childish we were informed. So would we please call him by the name the fellows at school used—"Gov". This seemed pretty foolish to me. Therefore, I continued to call him Bud or Buddy, much to his annoyance.

Bud breezed through his years of high school with an indifferent attitude towards his books and teachers. We still have his report cards and memories of warning slips every half marking term. Towards social activities, however, his indifference was not so marked. In fact, there wasn't any. Parties, church groups, school activities were all his meat. He joined the De Molay as a senior in high school and became president of his church's Young People's Group.

Upon graduation from high school Bud entered Northeastern University for a course in mechanical engineering. As a sideline he took a course

in flying introduced through the University. Upon receiving his license as a private pilot he decided aviation was the thing for him. He immediately gave up college to take a course in aeronautics offered by an established airline.

During these later years our association again became quite close. We went flying together, horseback riding together, to the movies together. In fact, we became more like brothers than like uncle and nephew. It was at this time that our country went to war. Bud enlisted as an aviation cadet. It seemed the natural thing for him to do because of his interest in and knowledge of flying. He received his wings at the end of his nine months training, standing third highest in marks in his class.

His orders based him in Florida. It was here that he met a girl—the girl. A month or two later we received a letter informing us that he had become engaged.

Two years ago he was sent overseas—to England—where he has worked himself up from a Second Lieutenant to Captain and Commanding Officer of his base.

Thus has my uncle spent eight years of his life. And, although he is an officer in the United States Army and "Gov" to everyone else, he is still "Bud" to me.



The night air stabbed me with its coldness and then retreated to find a new victim.

\* \* \*

The wind in the trees is a taffeta skirt being rustled across a room.

\* \* \*

He was as sullen as the fog bound river.

\* \* \*

Silence is like a slow swimming fish.





# THEY SAY

The age old tradition of electing class officers took place at the individual class meetings, and they are as follows:

## Senior Class

Pres. Sandy Smith  
Vice Pres. James Gracey  
Sec. Martha Worth  
Treas. Charles deVarennes

## Junior Class

Pres. Henry Hersey  
Vice Pres. Arthur Coughlan  
Sec. Nan Tennent  
Treas. William Rodgers

## Sophomore Class

Pres. George Gardes  
Vice Pres. Elmo Orciani  
Sec. Margaret Praetsch  
Treas. Natalie Downes

\* \* \*

What certain Sophomore girl surprises us every so often with not only a new hair-do, but new coloring, also?

\* \* \*

We hear that John Buckley has an awfully cute story—Peter Rabbit.

\* \* \*

Did any English III class read a story called "Football"?

\* \* \*

Will that certain senior girl learn to say *town, now*, etc. as do the rest of us?

\* \* \*

Why is it that one girl in the band attracts so much attention?

\* \* \*

Number 81 on the football team is causing quite a hit with not only Sophomore girls but Junior and Senior girls as well.

## CAT NIPS

I'll Get By.....Just Passing  
I Walk Alone.....The Skipper  
For The First Time.....I got an "A"  
Together.....Barbie and Billie  
I Wonder Who's Kissing Him  
Now.....Eddie Vara  
Too Much In Love.....Phyl and Chet  
Slender, Tender, And Tall.....Zeke  
Time Waits For No  
One.....The 8:15 Bell  
The Wolf Song.....Herbert Nehrling  
When?.....Mona  
Take It Easy.....Barbie Morse  
Not Mine.....Ann Dunphy  
The Young Man With The  
Horn.....Miles Cate

\* \* \*

On Hallowe'en this year, a certain junior girl was caught calling up two language teachers.

\* \* \*

Many of us have been wondering lately if the "sames" know what they are talking about.

\* \* \*

Everything is 'swell' with the senior girls. Could it be the Sonny Tufts influence?

\* \* \*

Butch and Rit certainly have fun passing notes to each other between classes.

\* \* \*

Ralph Feeman, who came back to complete his senior year, has left us again for the Navy.

\* \* \*

Who is Jack Armstrong the "All-11-11 American boy? Jean Arey knows.

Hey, you junior girls, how is the cow?

\* \* \*

They say "Position is every thing in life." If you don't believe it, just watch some of the sophomore girls in the movies some night.

\* \* \*

We admit that the seats at the theater aren't exactly plush sofas, but girls, is it necessary to bring pillows?

\* \* \*

Does that certain teacher really appreciate those hearty "hello's" from two "girls" every morn on the first floor?

\* \* \*

The junior girls seem to be doing all the inviting this year. Is it because of "Leap Year"?

\* \* \*

Louise, you had better keep your eagle eye on Moocher, or you'll be sorry.

\* \* \*

That "certain" group of Sophomore girls have fallen pretty hard for one or two of the Senior boys. What's their big attraction, girls?

\* \* \*

What Junior girl came to school one cold, cold, morn minus her skirt?

\* \* \*

We hear number 77 on the football team is still very much interested in that pretty, dark-haired cheerleader. It seems someone had a song dedicated to them at the Totem Pole one night. Thanks, Clark.

## OUR NEW STUDENTS

NAME	FROM	CLASS
Jean Elliott	Brighton, Mass.	1946
Ethel Haigh	Belmont, Mass.	1947
Marie deAngelis	Caanan, Conn.	1945
Richard Bleakney	Springfield, Mass.	1945
Lois Bleakney	Springfield, Mass.	1947
Lois Gilson	Dedham, Mass.	1947
James Kenny	Natick, Mass.	1947
Robert Hocknell	S. Portland, Me.	1946
Marguerite Searles	Newton, Mass.	1945
Maureen Mason	Montreal, Canada	1946
Jane Hunt	Roslindale, Mass.	1947
Arthur Watson	Concord, Mass.	1947

Among other pupils that have returned to Needham High are Lester Gerry and Clark Potter, Seniors; Neal Flynn, Junior; Florence Manning, Jane Hollis, and Joseph Ricci, Sophomores. Eleanor Bryant and Connie Macgray have returned as Post-graduates.

\* \* \*

### MORE CAT NIPS

It Could Happen To You.....Flunk  
An Hour Never Passes.....In 305  
People Will Say We're In

Love.....Jeanne and Dug  
Her Golden Hair Was Hanging  
Down Her Back.....Bev Gray  
Besame Mucho

Dedicated to Mac and Brud  
I Can't Help It.....Oakie  
Jersey Bounce.....Mr. Benton  
Cover Girl.....Ellie Franz  
Pretty Kitty Blue Eyes..Miss Dodge  
Jump Town.....Gym periods  
Sweet And Lovely.....Mort  
Smoke Gets In Your

Eyes.....Lois and her friend  
At Last.....2:15  
Why Don't You Do

Right.....All you naughty children  
Down The Road Apiece....Graduation  
Somebody Loves

Me.....I wonder who?  
You Talk Too Much.....Cilla

\* \* \*

Who the three girls were that  
had a very embarrassing experience on Pickering Street  
one rainy afternoon?

Would you tell us——

Why John Powers dislikes  
Dewey so much?

Where all the sophomore girls  
get their library slips?

Why singing in the lunch room  
is against regulations?

Why Miss Dugan doesn't have  
a boy adjust the windows  
for her?

Why Pat hasn't been wearing  
those pretty glasses lately?

When the chemistry laboratory  
will cease to smell up the  
third floor?

When we are going to start having  
assemblies that *are* assemblies?

When Eddie Vara is going to  
act like his old self again?

Where most of the student car  
owners get their gas?

When Miss Guthrie's car is going to stop?

Why the football team doesn't  
stay in nights before the  
games?

Why Herbert has indigestion?

\* \* \*

What night Bob Brunton has  
free?

\* \* \*

Barbie, maybe a pair of suspenders  
would have helped.

\* \* \*

It seems that four senior girls are  
taking "handicraft". Why?

\* \* \*

Skilky and Shimmy, both former  
students of N.H.S., were home a  
few weeks ago from Norwich. Both  
caused quite a sensation at one of  
the local football games.

\* \* \*

There is a time and place for  
everything, so the old saying goes.  
Therefore must the girls continue to  
comb their curly locks in the lunch-  
room? It becomes very annoying  
for one to find strands of hair in  
one's food. This accusation falls  
not only on the sophomore and  
junior girls, but the senior girls as  
well. They have been here long  
enough to know that it is *very* poor  
etiquette and reflects on their bring-  
ing up.





# SPORTS

Needham enters this season the same as they did last year. After Mr. Sullivan resigned early in the summer, to go to Dedham the School Committee went to work for the second straight year to get a new coach and Gym instructor. They were very lucky in getting Mr. Benjamin Beck. Mr. Beck has coached at Medford High School for two years, then went to Middlebury College for the next fourteen years. When the war began, Middlebury dropped football, so he moved to his native state Nebraska, where he had charge of Physical Education for the Army and Army Air Corps at the University of Nebraska. He had a hard job when he came here, in that he did not know any of the boys and had to instill a new system in the minds of thirty-five candidates. Mr. Holt, as last year, is serving as assistant coach. Mr. Beck will also coach the Basketball and Track teams.

## NEEDHAM 0 NORWOOD 0

For the first game of the season a Needham team composed of six veterans played Norwood to a scoreless tie. Needham out-played the opponents all the way. The Needham line was invincible and Norwood only went into Needham territory three times. Several long runs were made by Charlie deVarennes and "Brud" Carman Needham travelled into Norwood territory several times only to have costly fumbles stop the drives. The strength of the Needham team was proved by the fact that they didn't have to punt once. Coach Beck was well pleased with the first showing of

his team that had only two weeks' practice.

## NEEDHAM 13 STOUGHTON 0

Showing a good offensive form, Needham scored in the first and third period of a hard fought game played at Needham. All the scoring was done by Charlie deVarennes on long runs, except for an extra point booted by Sandy Smith. Again Needham's strong forward wall showed up well under a heavy Stoughton line. Stoughton ran only three running plays in the first half, but Needham showed a good defense and few of the passes were completed.

## NEEDHAM 13 CONCORD 6

After being outplayed in the first period, a hard-to-beat Needham team came back and scored two touchdowns to beat Concord in the third game of the season. Concord made its score on the first play of the second period when their captain plunged the ball over from the one yard line. Needham's score came the last play of the same quarter on a sensational run by Carman after catching a nice pass from deVarennes. The next score came on a plunge by Eddie Vara after Dick Tamm fell on a blocked Concord kick on the four yard line. Smith booted the first extra point, bringing his total for the year up to two.

## NEEDHAM 0 DEDHAM 14

The blue and white received its first defeat of the season at the hands of a powerful Dedham eleven, in a holiday game witnessed by 2,500 rabid fans. The boys gave a good account of themselves, even outgaining the highly favored visitors ten first downs to six. In fact if it hadn't

been for a few bad breaks the game might well have been a scoreless tie. Charlie deVarennes was again the hero, several times scampering around the flanks for long gains. Needham crossed the Dedham goal line once when deVarennes broke loose around right end and ran along the sideline for what seemed to be a score. However, the referee indicated that Charlie had stepped out of bounds around the five yard stripe. The fact that Dedham didn't complete one pass during the entire game proves that the pass defense displayed by the blue and white was exceptional.

## NEEDHAM 0 NATICK 20

In a game postponed from Saturday to Monday because of bad weather conditions Needham was soundly trounced by a rapidly improving Natick eleven 20 to 0. The Blue and White were just not equal to the versatile attack displayed by the home team. They scored twice through the air on beautifully executed pass completions, and the third score came when a Natick back intercepted a Needham pass and raced 30 yards for the score. The Natick line was superb, continuously opening wide holes in the opposing line for the backs to race through. The inability of the Blue and White backs to get started was largely due to the failure of the line to block capably for them against a remarkably spirited Natick club.

## NEEDHAM 0 WALPOLE 7

Needham received its third defeat in a row at the hands of a fast and skillful Walpole eleven. The Blue

and White was minus the services of Dave Barrett, Charley deVarennes, and Henry Hersey, who is out for the season with a broken thumb. Walpole had one of the fastest backfields that the Needham team will run up against this year. It was sparked by a speedy runner in Turco and a good line plunger in Songin. They gained consistently on the Needham team, but seemed to flounder inside the twenty yard line, only being able to score once. The Blue and White never really had a chance to get started. One of the highlights came in the last period when Bob Fowler caught a twenty yard pass on the Walpole thirty yard line, but they just couldn't carry the ball over. The Needham team seemed to show a lot more spark than it did in the previous game.

#### NEEDHAM 35 JOHNSON 0

Needham soared back after three straight defeats to the tune of 35 to 0 in a game with Johnson High of North Andover. The scoring was divided among five of the Needham boys. "Sandy" Smith had a perfect day kicking five of five extra points. The scoring started early in the game when, after a drive down the field, "Brud" Carman took the ball over on a five yard plunge. Early in the second period Bob Goldsberry tackled the ball carrier so hard that he fumbled. Dick Tamm picked up the loose ball and galloped twenty-five yards for the second score. Later in the same period the Needham eleven again rolled down the field. Charlie deVarennes took the ball over on a seven yard run off tackle. Carman took a flat pass early in the third period and ran thirty yards to set up the fourth score. In two more plays "Rock" Thomas took the ball over. With five minutes to go Needham took the ball on their own thirty-five yard line, and in five plays Carman scored on a five yard plunge.

#### NEEDHAM 14 LEXINGTON 0

The Blue and White won its fourth game of the season at the expense of a scrappy Lexington

eleven on the latter's home field. The game was played on a cold, windy day that hampered the passers and kickers on both sides. Needham clearly dominated the play throughout except for a few minutes in the second half when Lexington threatened several times, only to be thrown back by an inspired Blue and White eleven. Goldsberry, Fowler, Smith and Ed Vara played exceptionally fine defensive games, while the scoring honors were divided between Carman and Smith. Carman scored from a few yards out on a line buck, and Smith's touchdown run after intercepting a Lexington pass was one of the highlights of the game. "Sandy" also kicked the two extra points, his sixth and seventh in a row.

#### NEEDHAM 13 WELLESLEY 7

In the traditional Thanksgiving Day game Needham High defeated Wellesley 13 to 7. It was played at Needham on a field that had been rained and snowed on for the two days before the game. It was soggy, but did not hamper the players too much. After a slow first period Wellesley went into the lead when a drive down the field climaxed with Sullivan's taking the ball over on a 2 yard off tackle run. Gleason kicked the extra point. Needham took the ensuing kickoff on their own five yard line and drove up the field, sparked by Carman, deVarennes, and Tocci. Carman bucked over on a five yard plunge through center. Smith tied the score with his eighth straight kick. After the opening kickoff of the second half, the Blue and White started another drive down the field. DeVarennes scored on a six yard run around end. The try for extra point failed. In the third period Wellesley came back fighting only to be stopped three times. First "Brud" Carman intercepted a pass; then Harunk intercepted a Needham pass and tore over the goal line, but was called back for clipping. After this they went to the two yard line and were held for four straight plays. This was climaxed when Goldsberry

knocked a touchdown pass out of the receiver's hands. Needham took the ball, then froze it for the rest of the game.

#### LETTERMEN

Robert Fowler  
Richard Vara  
George Gardes  
Sandy Smith  
Eddy Vara, Co-Capt.  
Jack Crosscup  
Richard Tamm  
Charley deVarennes, Co-Capt.  
Donald Carman  
Bill Tocci  
Robert Goldsberry  
Henry Hersey  
David Barrett  
Richard Thomas  
George Geyer  
Elmo Orciani  
Frank Flood  
Bob Stockel  
Lindsay Russell, Mgr.

#### BASKETBALL PREVIEW

The record of last year's team (won 7, lost 8) should be improved on by this season's quintet with the fine coaching of Mr. Beck, who coached Medford to the "Tech Tournament" championship several seasons ago. A schedule of about eighteen games will be played with practically the same schools as faced last year. However a few newcomers to the schedule are expected. A fair estimate of the teams strength cannot be made, however, until after the traditional opener with Milton Academy as the "Academy" always has a strong team.

#### HOCKEY PREVIEW

The coming Hockey season is going to be a tough one for the boys of Needham High. The spark of the team will be provided by Charlie deVarennes, "Sandy" Smith and Henry Hersey, the three returning lettermen. Joe Wallace will probably be in the goal. If Coach Pelletier can shape a team around these boys, the team had ought to be very successful in the coming campaign. One of the hardships that they are up against is the early opening of the season. With this there will be very little skating before the opening date.



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# GIRLS' SPORTS

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## GOOD START

To start the season off in a snappy fashion, Needham's first team edged out Wellesley 1-0. The girls played a grand game, and Dorcas Neal made Needham's first goal of the season. Needham's team moved as a smooth-running machine and though the opposing team threatened many times to make a goal, they were stopped short by our defensive players. The second team played well for their first game, and many sophomores showed that they could really play hockey. Although they lost 1-0, the girls showed grand school spirit and determination.

## FIGHT-TEAM-FIGHT

Watertown trudged to Needham early in the season this year. Both Needham teams played a grand game, but Watertown, it seems, was able to run up the score, beating the first team 2-0 and the second team 1-0. The grand playing of such players as Alice Stevenson and Nellie Androchovich in the back-field kept the spirit of the team up, but the girls seemed to lack the push for the final plunge. We have some super hockey players among the Sophomores, including Pam Richmond and Dotty Haffey. With these and more, Needham can't fail to have a good hockey team in the future.

## THERE'S ALWAYS ANOTHER YEAR

Newton was out for revenge this year, and unhappily for Needham, they won both hockey games. Needham was constantly near the enemy goal during the first half, but the front line was unable to click for a score, despite some "neat" playing on the part of Martha Worth and Emily Macy. In the last half of the first team game, Needham proved weak on the defense, and Newton piled up three goals in a short time.

The second team game was similar. The score was identical with the first team's, 3-0 in favor of Newton.

## RETURN GAME

Our return game with Wellesley found the Wellesley team much better and they triumphed over Needham's first team 3-1. The enemy scored twice in the first half and threatened many more as Needham once again proved weak on the defense. At the beginning of the last half, Needham showed itself revitalized, and after half a dozen Wellesley players (including the enemy goalie) were sprawled on the ground, the ball was gently pushed into the box by Phyllis Kennedy, left wing, for the outstanding goal of the season. However, Needham was unable to score again, and so the last game was lost to Wellesley 3-1.

Redoubling their efforts the second half, Needham's second team bounded back to score and tie up the game at 1-1. They showed great spirit and determination and are to be congratulated on their fine game.

## FIRST TEAM LETTERS

Nellie Androckovich, Captain  
Nancy Ardifi  
Dale Barraclough  
Jane Bond  
Jeanne Brockett  
Ann Johnson  
Phyllis Kennedy  
Emily Macy  
Alice Martin  
Dorcas Neal  
Pamela Richmond  
Marilyn Ricker  
Alice Stevenson  
Nan Tennent  
Gloria Tocci  
Patricia Tonis  
Martha Worth

## MODERN DANCING

Every Friday during organization period about seventy girls assemble in the gym for a lesson in modern dancing. At present, they are learning the fundamental movements, and later they will plan their own dances. The group is very enthusiastic, and thus far, the idea is a great success.

## PREVIEW OF A COMING ATTRACTION

Basketball! There is no girl in the school who doesn't know something about basketball now, even if she didn't before this year. Miss Carroll is including it as part of her gym program and hopes therefore, to have an expert team later in the season. The seniors should do themselves proud on the team this year since they made up a great deal of the 1st team last year. The juniors, also, have some grand material and there is no doubt but that Needham should have a marvelous basketball squad this year.

## ARCHERY

Again this fall, the girls have turned to Indian tactics in gym classes. The enthusiasm for archery seems to have grown since last year. Under Mr. Holmes's direction, many of the girls are becoming expert archers. Snow and cold weather will soon drive the girls in, but when Spring comes again, they will be back with bows and arrows ready.

## SHORTS

We have noticed that "pignuts" have become very popular this year. We hope they aren't bad for your figures, girls.

\* \* \*

What kind of gremlin is it that seems to take everyone's stick just before it is time to leave for a game?

\* \* \*

Ever hear of playing hockey in the middle of winter? Well, it seems that the hockey team gets rather "cool" playing these days. How about some fur coats???

\* \* \*

Did you ever see anyone coming up the hill to the hockey field loaded with apples? Sh! They taste even better when they are eaten secretly.







# ALUMNI

Thinking that our readers would enjoy hearing from some of their friends of the class of '44, we of the Alumni Board have solicited letters from a few popular members. On these pages are the letters we've received.

Dear Kids,

Congratulations on your fine football team. I saw the Johnson game a couple of weeks ago, and it was swell to see that the old spirit is still there (The yokehula is as thrilling as ever).

Since a letter from an alumnus probably wouldn't be complete without some counsel, I suppose I ought to try my hand at it. You have heard many times before the old familiar and often boring advice "Stay in school as long as possible and work hard". Well, it's good advice and worth following. However, if you haven't come to the realization of the truth of this statement by now, you probably never will, and consequently *I'll* drop the subject.

Besides attending to your studies, by all means have a good time in high school. Whether you go to college (believe me, it isn't what it used to be), enter the service, or work after you graduate, it won't be a cinch. You may gripe now, but old N.H.S. is a pretty good place to be. There are lots of opportunities there that you should take advantage of.

So—— keep up in your studies, but have a good time.

Best always,  
Dick Greene

Dick writes from Dartmouth College.

Dear Kids,

I really don't know what you'd like to hear about Smith. There are 2200 girls in the whole school with 80 of them in my dorm, Jordan House. This is the quadrangle and quite a distance from all the classrooms, which, incidentally, doesn't help my usual knack for being on time. But the quad is the loveliest spot on the campus.

My house is just wonderful with practically all the Freshmen living on the fourth floor together. There has been a doubling up in the rooms through lack of space due to the Waves, and I am now sleeping in the top section of a bunk. It's fun except for the buzzer that is three inches above my head and that rings continually from 7:00 A.M. on.

My courses include Government, English, German, Art, and Psychology which are all quite interesting. In government class we have some of the liveliest discussions that are lots of fun. The time schedule for these courses is just right for me. On Monday and Tuesday my first class doesn't come until twelve o'clock. I don't have any chance to sleep, though, as my job for the next eight weeks is wiping dishes at breakfast. Each girl has to give an hour a day to some sort of job, and the Freshmen get last choice, so there I am.

There are lots of other things to tell you, but I do have a "written" in psychology tomorrow, and I feel I must study for it.

Love,  
Nancy Rice

Students and Faculty Members of Needham High School:

I suppose everybody thinks that it's just talk when a former graduate says how happy his high school days were and how much the school did for him. I know I had that attitude. Nevertheless, I will always remember the swell times I had at dear old N.H.S., and I know all the other former graduates feel that same way.

I will try to tell you a little about what I am doing. I am a Midshipman at the Massachusetts Maritime Academy in Hyannis. The course I am taking is Marine Engineering and lasts for sixteen months. Of the sixteen months, six months are spent on a training ship getting practical experience. Some of the main subjects we cover are steam engines and turbines, diesel engineering, electricity, physics and math. Besides these we have Naval Science subjects such as Naval leadership, gunnery, and drill. We will graduate with a third engineer's license and be commissioned ensigns in the Naval Reserve.

All I can say to you now is to get as much as you can out of high school, for you will certainly need it when you get out. You have good instructors and fine facilities. The rest is up to you.

Sincerely,  
Bill Nims

\* \* \*

Estelle Perry who has been training for a nurse in Kingston, North Carolina is at home on sick leave.

\* \* \*

Chandler Secretarial School is fortunate to have Estelle Gray and Carol Mulloney as two of its students.

Dear Advocate Staff:

In answer to your question as to what I am doing this year, I am attending the New England Conservatory of Music. I like it very much, and I'm trying to figure out why because it seems to require so much hard work. The first few weeks of school I was so tickled because I had no classes on Tuesdays. Goody, I thought, a holiday! I have changed my mind since then. The point of the "holiday" was to give more time for studying and practicing. (Oh well, I can sleep late, and that is something!) The students are very independent. The Dean told us that it made no difference to our teachers whether or not we attended classes. However, he advised us to go because we would be missed. (There are only six or eight people in each class.)

I still like to hear all the high school news, and I'm anxiously waiting for the Christmas issue of the ADVOCATE.

Sincerely yours,  
Louise Breda

\* \* \*

To The Advocate:

It certainly seems natural to be writing for the Advocate again. How well I remember struggling to have everything in and checked by the deadline. I really wish I could be doing that again.

This year I am attending the Pierce Secretarial School. At this school each girl goes at her own speed, thus encouraging one to go ahead. I have to study quite a bit, but there has been time for plenty of fun in spite of that.

In January I am planning to study Spanish at the Berlitz School. My ultimate goal is to work in an airline in South America. I don't expect to be able to do that for a while, but that is what I am going to work towards.

Good luck to you all.

Sincerely,  
Eunice Prior

Barbara Nutt and Merrilyn Ramsay are spending an enjoyable year at Green Mountain Junior College in Vermont, even though it is a little lonesome in some respects.

\* \* \*

Joan Whetton, that blonde bombshell, is attending Harcum Junior College in Penn. We hear it's some fun.

Joan Skinner and Cilla Hall were said to have had a pretty neat time at the Brown football game and dance, which they attended with John Barr and Phil Ross.

\* \* \*

Janice Hesse and Jean Manchester are having a wonderful time at Colby Junior College.



The above is a picture of 2nd. Lt. Arthur E. Farnham Jr. receiving the soldier's medal for his heroism in helping to free a man pinned beneath the wreckage of a plane, meanwhile exposing himself to great danger from fire and exploding ammunition. This is typical of the bravery in action being shown by a large number of our alumni. We are very proud of them all.





# HUMOR

## A LESSON IN MILITARY STRATEGY

Lindsay Russell, '45

1. *An invasion or any other military action is a problem in strategy and logic.*

You have just received two flunk slips, one in English, the other in French. The question is: What's the best way to break this bad news to the folks at home.

2. *Peaceful propaganda is used to give the enemy a false sense of security.*

You come home from school early with a heavy load of books. You studiously do some homework before dinner. When asked by your mother the reason for the sudden splurge of conscientiousness, you modestly remind her that you have always tried to keep your marks up.

3. *A few feelers may be sent out before the main attack in order to determine the enemy's condition.*

At the dinner table, during the proper lull in conversation you remark that Willie Brown is afraid he is getting a flunk slip in math. Your father says, "I hope no boy of mine will get one of those." That isn't the right approach, you decide. You change your strategy, saying, "A flunk slip isn't too bad actually. Anyway you don't necessarily fail for the term if you get one."

Father has nothing to say to that, so you cautiously change the subject until a better time arrives.

4. *An invasion attack must be carefully planned out; the enemy must be struck in his weakest spot, and at the exact critical time.*

You decide to break the news to Father first. After the meal is over, and the dishes done, you bring him a pillow, his pipe, and his slippers. When he is comfortably relaxed in a chair, you resolve to tell him about this flunk slip business.

"Dad," you say, "do you think English and French are really important subjects?"

"Just as important as any others," he answers unconcernedly. He is reading the paper and not listening carefully. This, you conclude, is the time to come out with the bad news, while he is absorbed with the paper.

5. *Important information falling into enemy hands may result in a surprise attack, disastrous for the invader.*

When you are just about to blurt out about the slips, your mother says, "You might as well stop beating about the bush, dear. Those two failure notices dropped out of your notebook while you were going up the stairs this afternoon, and I picked them up. Your father and I have decided that you will have to stay in every school night and spend two hours on school work."

\* \* \*

## RADIO

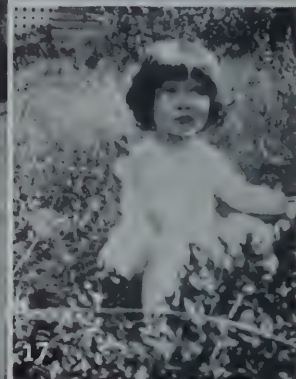
Robert Goldsberry, '45

The radio has its discouraging as well as its satisfying moments. The

average listener has to reconcile himself to the radio's idiosyncracies. This listener must be endowed with patience, good-nature and benevolence. Too, in these days the radio fan must not only be part of an audience but a tinkerer and radio repairman as well.

To me the radio's bad points have always been humorous ones—after they have passed. For instance, one may be a student trying to do homework and in the middle of a log example he is startled out of a year's growth by a cry from the radio downstairs, "It's a bird! It's a plane! It's S-O-O-perman!" Then again, one may be listening to a murder when a shot rings out over the radio, a scream is heard, and then—and then static and an announcer's calm voice expressing the broadcasting company's regrets "that due to circumstances beyond our control the program will not be continued". Two days later the listener is admitted to the Medfield Asylum muttering over and over, "Who did the shooting Who was shot?"

Ah, but now to the brighter side. The radio must have its good points you say. And that it has, that it has. For instance, one may find reverie in the *soft, delightful* music of Harry James. Or then again one may wish to hear those *great* programs of the air that lend knowledge as well as entertainment—"The Bob Hope Show" or "John's Other Wife" or "Young Widder Brown". Then again there are the Weatherman, who is never right, and the News Commentator.





## OUR ENEMY, THE DIPTERA

George Skinner, '46

From the beginning of mankind, the *Diptera* and his relatives have been a threat to the well-being of humanity. They have the advantage of being quick, small and able to hide in inaccessible places. From the beginning of their existence they have been hard to battle because they have the power of flight.

You will find *Diptera* everywhere you go and always in groups, never alone. They do not fight fairly; when attacked in the open they flee. Theirs is a war of sabotage. They usually resort to poisoning your food, and although it might make you sick, it is not deadly as a rule.

In the last few score years many weapons have been devised to rid the world of this menace. At first a person used his bare hands in defeating a *Diptera*; however, this proved inadequate because it required a speed greater than his, which a human does not possess. Then someone invented a more effective weapon consisting of a square of wire mesh on a two foot stick, which was light and partly overcame the disadvantage of slowness. Another less expensive model of this is a newspaper or magazine rolled up in a tight body. More recently an ingenious affair has been developed made on the idea of a tire pump with a small opening at one end through which a liquid is ejected by the force of the pump. This liquid is carried in a metal or glass container under the barrel of a gun and is capable of drugging a *Diptera* and forcing him to earth where he may easily be trampled to death.

The *Diptera* has been responsible for the breaking up of many fine friendships. He would attack from behind, and of course a fellow man would in turn attack him. Creeping slowly up on the *Diptera*, he would strike out with all his might, but of course the *Diptera*, being quick, would dodge and the first man

would receive the full force of the blow, thus causing a fight and the inevitable split of friendship.

Many humans have become aces by downing a considerable number of the *Diptera* in flight. On the other hand some humans have caused much damage to their person or their belongings in attempting to overpower a *Diptera*. A soldier was shaving once with an old-fashioned razor when a *Diptera* lit on his posterior region. In the ensuing conflict the soldier struck at the *Diptera* with the razor, but missed and made a deep gash in said region. Five stitches had to be taken and he ate standing up for a week or so after. The *Diptera* has been known to attack while you are eating and in attempting to annihilate him you destroy much china, glassware and food.

I, myself, theoretically have won a campaign ribbon for the grocery store sector in two or three major engagements. In fact, I campaigned so dexterously that I received a two weeks' furlough, without pay, from my boss.

Even while I write I am being dive-bombed by a flight of the *Diptera*, and though I have frequently attempted to down one I am unsuccessful.

Often a *Diptera* has been captured only to die from the tortures inflicted on it by man.

Some of the distant relatives of the *Diptera* are more heavily armed, but not so fast and appear only in one season of the year. I believe that there is a British light bomber named for one of these cousins. This cousin nearly wrecked Theodore Roosevelt's dream of a canal through the Isthmus of Panama. You will also find a king-sized *Diptera*, whose size is more a hindrance than a help because it makes him a larger target, and two species whose bite is very painful.

I think the most effective weapon in combatting the *Diptera* is paper covered with a sticky substance which holds a *Diptera* fast once he has touched it and slowly snuffs out his life.

Before closing I believe it only fair to mention that *Diptera* is the scientific name for the common house fly.

\* \* \*

## THE SPIRIT OF 103

Arthur Coughlan, '46

"A penny saved is a penny earned,"  
Of proverbs there is no wiser,  
So pay your dues and raise your glass  
To our well-meaning faculty advisor.

To those who spend some time  
each day,  
Roving with him through history,  
Who among you, can explain,  
His blackboard map-making mystery?

"Now here are the Colonies; here  
is King George,  
And here are Pitt and Burke."  
(With lines intersecting and circles  
inscribed,  
It's a wonder he isn't beserk!)

When there are lists he must write  
on the board,  
He starts in a line and works down.  
(Some one suggested a circular  
board,  
For then he could write all around).

You ask him a question; he gives  
you an answer;  
You sit there looking quite daft,  
For surely, you'd be able to find  
the answer  
In, let's say, an hour and a haft\*

Much more could be said, de-  
bated, discussed,  
About him, who with money acts  
shrewdly.

Beloved by all, a God-fearing man,  
(He must be—he voted for  
Dewey\*\*)

\*Sure, we agree with you about  
"haft." But its very hard to get  
good literary talent this year.—Ed.

\*\*We thought it would be going too  
far to say "Doodley."—Ed.

NO  
SHIRT?



Bette

More  
Skirt  
Troubles



Bette



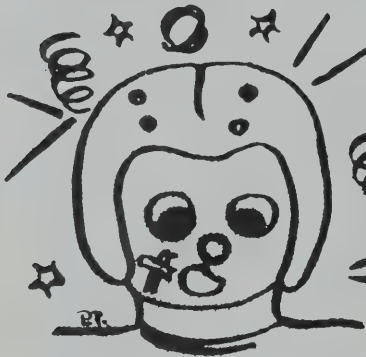
Bette



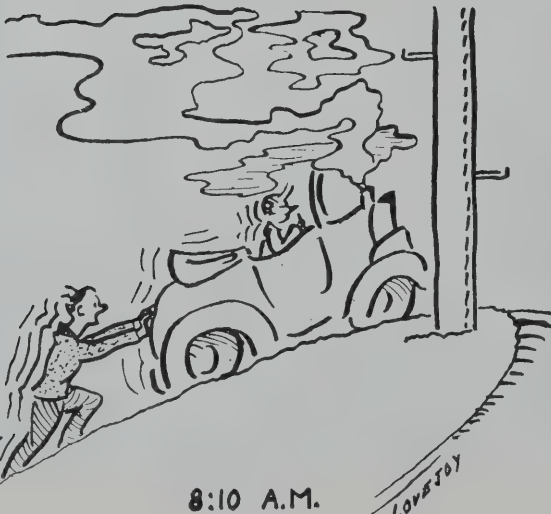
EVEN A DOG  
GOT MAD AT  
THE REF. IN  
NORWOOD...



VARA



Needham  
Team at  
The  
Natick  
Game



8:10 A.M.

LOVEJOY



2:16 P.M.

LOVEJOY



**I Just Don't Understand Football,**  
**or,**

**A Moron Goes To a Football Game**

Noel King '46

One of the most exclusively super things I like to do is go to a football game. The only trouble is, I don't understand a single thing they are doing. Take the other day for instance. I went to the football game between Needham and Dedham. We were watching the game with all intensity when two chubby boys ran out with pails of water slopping all over the place. Immediately I wanted to know what they were going to do with two pails of water on a football field. I asked Peggy and she dutifully explained that it was for the football players.

"Oh," replied dumb me. "I thought they were bringing it out to dunk the football in and see if it leaked."

Having that explained, I was relaxed once more until I saw them chasing one poor, little player around the field. I immediately jumped and yelled, "Hurry up, or he'll catch you. It's like playing tag, isn't it?"

I never sat down so fast in all my life. Peggy glared at me and asked if I was trying to *make* a fool out of myself to which I answered that I didn't think so. (Some perfectly horrible man made the statement that I didn't have to try very hard.) I added that there was just absolutely nothing to football.

"Look, now. They're in a huddle," said Peggy.

"I wonder what the gossip is," was my brilliant reply.

A toothless, little boy in the front row looked up at me and replied, "Are you kiddin'?"

I paid no attention to such a little boy or "brat". He doesn't know anything about football anyway, I thought. I continued watching the game. A Dedham man had the ball and was running to make a touchdown. I jumped and yelled, "Come

on, hurry up or someone will trip you"! All the Needhamites looked at me in astonishment, and one very kind, old man told me that if I "was rooting for Dedham," I should be on the other side of the field.

"Oh, was that a Dedham man?" I replied. "I must watch my colors."

Embarrassed, Peggy explained that I wasn't near as bad in football as I was in baseball. In baseball when I saw the ball go whizzing down the field and Peggy has said it was a fly, I replied that I didn't know they grew that big.

Then the cheer leaders amused me. They had a cheer namely, "Give 'em the Axe." I was afraid that they would and, oh dear, what a pickle that would have been. If they gave Dedham an axe, Needham wouldn't be there very long. And last of all that man in knickers, baby pants, who kept running around and taking the ball away from the players; he aggravated me! Some stupid players even threw it to him, but he always put it down.

When I saw the Needham High School band coming on the field, I stood up and gave three cheers for the Navy. It's so easy to get the Navy band mixed up with the Needham High School band.

Finally the game was over, and the Dedham girls were singing, "I'm a moron, I'm a moron, I'm a moron till I die; I would rather be a moron than to go to Needham High." Well, you know as well as I do there are no morons in Needham High.

\* \* \*

The school has been asked not to make chem and physics students write up their experiments the same night. Seems the phone company just can't handle all that burden at once.

\* \* \*

Miss Churchill: Correct this sentence. "Girls is naturally better looking than boys."

Low voice from rear of the class: Girls is artificially better looking than boys.

Miss Gates: Now stand near the projector, class, and notice the cell divisions. Watch out for Mitosis.

Sweet young thing: Oh, I'm very sorry. I didn't mean to step on your feet.

\* \* \*

David Alden thinks Miss Fessenden is picking on him. After he has been cracking loud jokes, throwing books around, stamping his feet, drumming a pencil, etc., for half an hour, she has the nerve to ask him politely to stop.

\* \* \*

## DEFINITIONS

D-day: The day when report cards come out.

Courses: You hear lots of 'em on D-day.

\* \* \*

What Junior boy is becoming known as "Wiggles?"

\* \* \*

## KEY TO BABY PICTURES

1. Barbara Biggart
2. Joan Lembree
3. Jane Augusta Bond
4. Dorcas Neal
5. Beverly Ogden
6. Dorothy Purce
7. Alice Stevenson
8. Virginia McClellan
9. Beverly Sterl
10. Pat Tonis
11. Betty Fader
12. Nellie Androkovich
13. Jack Croscup and Jean McIntosh
14. Virginia Kaye
15. Phyllis Kennedy
16. Frank Bell, Frank Flood, and Lindsay Russell
17. Emily Macy



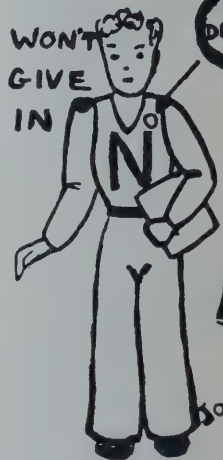
Needham Squaws  
at the  
Walpole Game



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GIVE  
IN

DEWEY



Nice try





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TIES

BOTANY

TIES

INTERWOVEN

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ENGLISH



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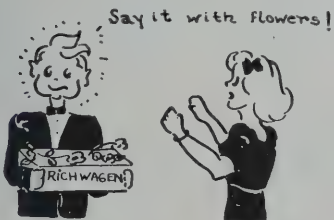
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**MATH**



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